



Sincerely yours,
Ted Kaczynski

THE UNABOMBER LETTERS

A YAHOO NEWS SPECIAL REPORT

Brother to brother

After finding out that he'd been arrested because of a tip from his younger brother, David, Kaczynski wrote two blistering letters to his sibling, accusing him of jealousy and revenge. It would be the last time Kaczynski communicated with his brother, though David has sent him numerous letters over the last 20 years.

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The selection was curated by Yahoo News

YAHOO!

NEWS

Dave —

Of all the things you could conceivably have done to me, what you have done is by far the cruelest. You know it, and you knew it before you did it, even though, with your usual talent for self-deception, you never permitted yourself to be conscious of it. You know me well enough to realize that above all I need physical freedom, silence, and solitude, and that, to me, permanent imprisonment will be a fate far worse than death. That would be the case even if I were imprisoned under the best of conditions. But you know very well that in prisons there is a high risk of homosexual rape and of abuse by other prisoners, or even by guards; and that even without that prisons are noisy and crowded; and you are certainly aware that I can't endure noise and crowding.

The FBI assured you that conditions in federal prisons were fine and that I would be happier in prison, but it is not conceivable that you could have believed this except by a particularly egregious act of self-deception. You know me, and you knew that the FBI had very strong ulterior motives for giving you such assurances. As a matter of fact, I was living rather happily prior to my arrest, and prison will be torture for me.

You tried to get the FBI to arrest me under conditions that wouldn't involve risk of my being killed, and you urged the government not to seek the death penalty for me. But, as already noted, you knew well that permanent imprisonment would be for me far worse than death, so your effort to "save" me from death can only have been an attempt to salve your conscience by inflicting on me a punishment that in our society is conventionally regarded as less severe than death.

It is interesting that you asked the FBI to promise not to reveal your identity as the informant, and you were very upset when that promise was broken. Evidently you were ashamed of what you were doing. Why did you do it? To stop the unabomber? Hardly. You knew that the unabomber had promised to stop bombing if his manifesto were published, and you knew that the promise would be kept if I were the unabomber, since I am strict about keeping promises. Furthermore, if I were the unabomber you could have effectively stopped the bombings by warning me that you would tip off the FBI if I didn't desist.

The real reason why you informed on me is that you hate me. You say you love me, and you probably do. But you have deep, unresolved and

uncontrolled conflicts concerning me, and your loving me does not prevent you from hating me at the same time. This hatred has repeatedly revealed itself in your behavior toward me over the years. And what you hate me for is your own gnawing sense of inferiority. Your suspicion that I was the unabomber at last gave you your opportunity to get a crushing revenge on big brother for being smarter and more capable than you are, while maintaining the illusion that your motives were "moral".

Of course, you will not accept the truth about your own motives. I know from long experience that it is useless to reason with you where your emotions are involved, because you will resort to any sort of rationalization, no matter how far-fetched, to avoid facing up to difficult truths. You wear a kind of veil over your motives to keep yourself from being conscious of them, and it is this veil that enables you to live with yourself. But some day the veil will fall away and you will see yourself as you really are. And on that day you will go to hell, because, for you, seeing yourself as you really are will truly be hell.

Ted

Dave:

If there was ever any doubt about the fact that your turning me in was motivated by your hatred of me, that doubt has been removed by your interviews that appeared in the New York Times and on 60 Minutes.

In those interviews you portrayed me as mentally ill. Did you really believe I was so? Hardly. In the past you have denied the very existence of mental illness. I have proof of this in the letters you wrote me concerning Joel Schwartz. Were you trying to "save" me from the death penalty by providing me with an insanity defense? If that had been your motive you would have emphasized the fact that I was subjected to verbal and psychological abuse, which you know is true and which would have helped my defense. Instead, you lied and denied that I had suffered such abuse, even though you are well aware (I've made it clear to you in various letters) that the acknowledgement of that abuse was desperately important to me, and that the denial of it

tortured me with frustration and a sense of injustice.

Though you don't admit it to yourself, you know deep inside that you were inflicting acute suffering on me by making the public statements that you did, and you were doing it because you hate me on account of your own feelings of inferiority and of inadequacy relative to me.

Ted

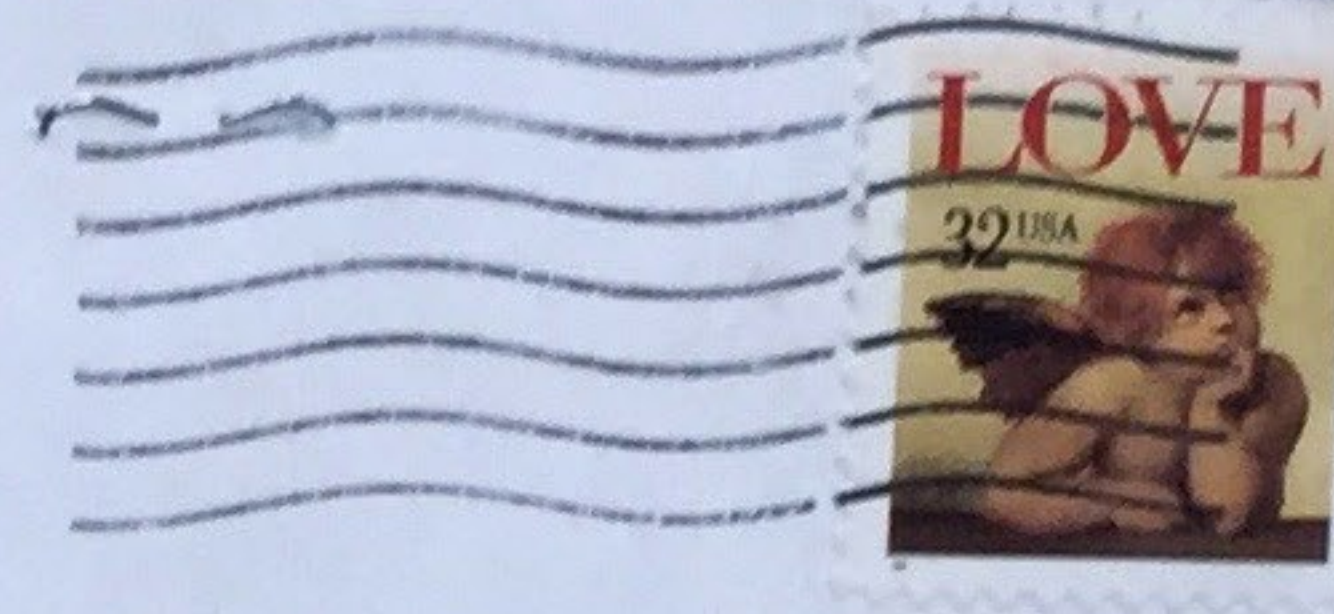
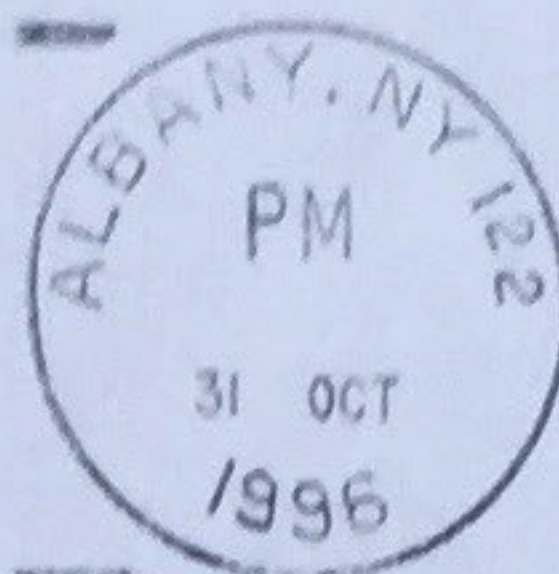
Oct. 30, 1996

Dear Ted,

Your letters were shown to me. afterward I spoke with one of your attorneys, Gary Soward, who confirmed that the jail environment is terribly noisy and demeaning. I both fear and in a gut sense know the effect this must be having on you. I know that I am the immediate cause of this suffering. I've passed through periods of denial, in which I tried to convince myself that my actions might even have helped you. But all of that is over now. I have had to glimpse my own cruelty and it is, as you say, a kind of hell. I do love you. I'm so, so sorry for what I've done and for how it hurts you.

Dave

D. Kaczynski
119 Front Street
Schenectady, NY 12301



RECEIVED NOV 4 1996

Theodore Kaczynski
c/o Quin Denvir
801 K Street
10th Floor

Sacramento, CA 95814
33214/3300

5/20/02

Dear Ted,

I hope this greeting finds you well, on or about your 60th birthday. My, my... 60 years is an age, although I would imagine that youth is still in youth because of your vigorous life and disciplined commitment to exercise. I finally gave up playing baseball this year, partly for lack of time and partly because I felt my skills decline last year. Frankly, I didn't feel the same joy in the game as I used to, either.

Mom is doing much better now,

a pleasant surprise after last summer's setback. The main problem is that she remains unsteady on her feet, increasing the likelihood that she will have a serious fall at some point. She has a wonderful, unassuming dignity and treats everyone with kindness.

I've been thinking of you a lot in recent months. I keep a picture of you on the wall in my study. Time moves like a bank of clouds with occasional breaks. Your place in my life and heart is as great as ever.

Love,

November 23, 1998

Dear Ted,

I recently received a letter from someone named Alston Chase, who is writing some sort of a book. He included a copy of a note from you which gave me permission to speak with him about you. He mentioned that you and I "apparently disagree about some matters." I can imagine that that is so. However, I wrote back to him saying that I didn't want to get into a debate with you, least of all through an intermediary.

In the past, our various disagreements have ended up being very painful for me and, I sense, for you as well. Very little was ever resolved. However, I would like to have a relationship with you and am willing to look at issues that may stand in the way of such a relationship. In other words, I am willing to hear you out in full and to think seriously about any and all of your concerns with regard to me.

Most of all, I would like to come to Colorado to visit you. I don't know that I have a great deal to say to you, except that I love you and would like to have a relationship with you despite everything. Perhaps something can be resolved or at least come unstuck through meeting face to face.

Please be well.

To David Kaczynski —

You have my permission to let Alston
Chase interview you in regard to me.

Ted Kaczynski

September 18, 1998.

[Sent to Alston Chase,
— TJK Nov. 1, 2011]

June 25,
2001

Dear Ted,

I'm sorry to have to tell you that mom has had a setback with her health. On June 10, I visited her as I customarily do on Sundays and found her lying on her couch in her livingroom. She said she'd been there for almost three days, too weak to move, without food or water, and soiled from being unable to reach the bathroom. She was calm and lucid. It began, she said, with pain worse than usual from her supposed stenosis. At first, she was reluctant to move because of the pain, but later she found herself unable to stand up, or even ^{to} crawl without falling over. We called an ambulance which took her to the hospital, where she remained

for six days. At the hospital, nurses found a large, oozing rash on her right leg and buttocks, which was later determined to be a symptom of shingles - a painful nerve infection related to chicken pox.

A blood test showed that she also has a chronic form of leukemia, not uncommon in the elderly and not necessarily life-threatening, although it might have weakened her immune system enough to bring on the shingles. She has been staying with us for the past week and may remain here for some time, as she still can't walk without ^a walker, and even then she needs assistance because of her continued weakness and poor balance.

She remains in pain because of the shingles and has difficulty controlling her bladder.

This, we learned today, may be the result of a urinary tract infection, for which the doctor has prescribed an antibiotic. In her opinion, mom has a fair chance of recovering her mobility and independence in time. Mom is not exactly cheerful about any of this, but she does still display some cheerfulness at times. She is not one to cling to life at this stage, yet she seems to be thinking and responding rationally, apparently waiting to see what course the illness will take. We all more or less cooperate in doing what must be done to see her through through each day. I believe I see signs of gradual improvement. She is eating a little ^{more} ~~better~~ and her voice is stronger, although she has trouble

(4)

concentrating on the written word and hasn't been reading anything — not at all usual for mom. She sleeps most of the time, but her appetite has improved. She avoids seeing or speaking with her friends, who are very concerned, but she seems cheered by their cards and get-well wishes. She has lived so independently in every way since Dad's death, I'm sure that this sudden loss of independence has been a blow to her.

I suspect she has concealed from us at least some of her infirmities up 'til now, and still she remains stoic.

I will let you know how she progresses once the prognosis is clearer. 'Til then,

Your brother, Dave Kaczyński

July 14, 2001

Dear Ted,

I'm writing to let you know that mom is much better. She is able to get around with a walker, now, and can even negotiate some distance without it as long as she has a wall or piece of furniture to hang onto for balance. The pain of the shingles has subsided, she is basically continent, and has even prepared some simple meals for herself. I will bring her back to her apartment tomorrow, as it is her wish and determination to return home. She'll have various support services, including a visiting nurse, a home health aide, a physical therapist, and a housekeeper to help with laundry and cleaning. I'll be stopping by frequently, probably daily at the

(2)

outset, to make sure that these arrangements are workable for her. She is reading again, answering get-well cards, her voice is strong, and except for poor balance and rubbery legs, seems her old self again - which is a relief to me, to Linda, and to her various friends.

She had been volunteering at a homeless shelter, providing company and acceptance and emotional support to the street people who congregate there. They sent her a card during her illness and she is talking about resuming her volunteer activities when she feels stronger. She has a lot of grit, and evidently has not finished living her life.

I'd thought you'd want to know about her progress.

Your brother, Dave Kaczynski

Dear Ted,

Postmark 12/10/02 407

I hope the season finds you well. Driving to my desert cabin, I stopped in Austin to visit with youngest daughter and her husband who are trying to make a go of it with their two infant children. My heart really went out to them. seems so balanced, centered, patient - more like her mother than her father, yet in a way quite vulnerable, walking a bridge that has few supports. and

seem to have a real marriage, much more than an arrangement. has been grappling with his mother's apparent suicide last winter. Compared with that, the uncertainties of life in the U.S. seem small and bearable to him. They represent a fresh start. The validation and dignity of work. There is no going back, because there's no work in Mexico, only ghosts. He

speaks of faith but has no dogma, much like yet his worrying is far less anxious than

Dear Ted,

Greetings of the Season

and every good wish I felt deeply touched by them both.

for the New Year

told a strange story that about 3 years ago love, some Spanish-language journalists came to Ojinaga from Dave L.A. to investigate a story that was supposedly alive and was reported to have been seen in L.A. by his estranged brother Took them to grave and that, as far as she knows, was the end of it. Peculiar. Mom is doing o.k., but she's lost much of



her mobility in the last year. She has a walker and gets tired very quickly. The leukemia is apparently advancing, but not alarmingly in the doctor's view. Mom would just as soon let go of life, but she's not in any serious physical pain. People in her building show her kindness, and she repays them all in kind. We see her at




Amnesty International USA Christmas and I
322 Eighth Avenue
New York, NY 10001
1-800-Amnesty
www.amnestyusa.org

know that we'll be
thinking and speaking
of you. Please be well.

Your brother,
Dave

Lantern Skaters
© 1996 Paul Landry
© 1996 The Greenwich Workshop, Inc.
Shelton, CT 06484

K6842A


Printed on
recycled paper.

Dear Ted,

May 22, 2003

0407.0

I hope this birthday greeting finds you doing well. I'm O.K., as is mom. She turned 86 last week, as you know. We got her a new walker with a seat so that she can get out in the nice weather and rest when she gets tired. After a year's hiatus, I'm back to playing baseball in an old men's league. The league has returned to wooden bats this year (after several years of using the more potent aluminum ones) - a change which I'm glad of, both from a pitcher's perspective and a traditionalists'. We had some good times playing ball together.

Dave

Dear Ted,

...that's you.

have a great birthday



Love,

David

Dear brother,

0407.0

1/18/04

I hope this letter finds you well. I'm fine. So is mom - a bit slower and weaker each year, but sharp of mind and well-liked and admired by her neighbors at her apartment complex. She participates in a weekly discussion of current affairs among the seniors there. You can imagine that they've had a lot to discuss this year. Mom treats everyone with great kindness - even the Republicans.

Jeannette Edwardson has had a difficult year. She had a benign tumor removed from her brain. She's had some slight memory loss, but nothing drastic. In October, her father died. He'd been a forest ranger in Montana; always seemed such a gentle, thoughtful, modest, compassionate man. I'm sure she misses him.

I picked up my ball and bat and played baseball again last summer. I can't seem to quit. I still remember with great pleasure how we used to bat the ball around; and the softball game where you went 7 for 7 & I made a great catch. We were something that day. *Dave*

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Schenectady, New York 12301
United States

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P.O. Box 8500
Florence, CO 81226-8500
United States

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1	The Stones Cry Out Okuizumi, Hikaru --- Paperback (** P-4-B38B19 **) 0156011832	\$9.60	\$9.60
		Subtotal	\$9.60
		Shipping & Handling	\$3.99
		Order Total	\$13.59
		Paid via Mastercard	\$13.59
		Balance due	\$0.00

is shipment completes your order.

No restrictions

needless to say,
every book that my
brother sends sends
me goes straight
into the trash.

-TJR 6/22/04

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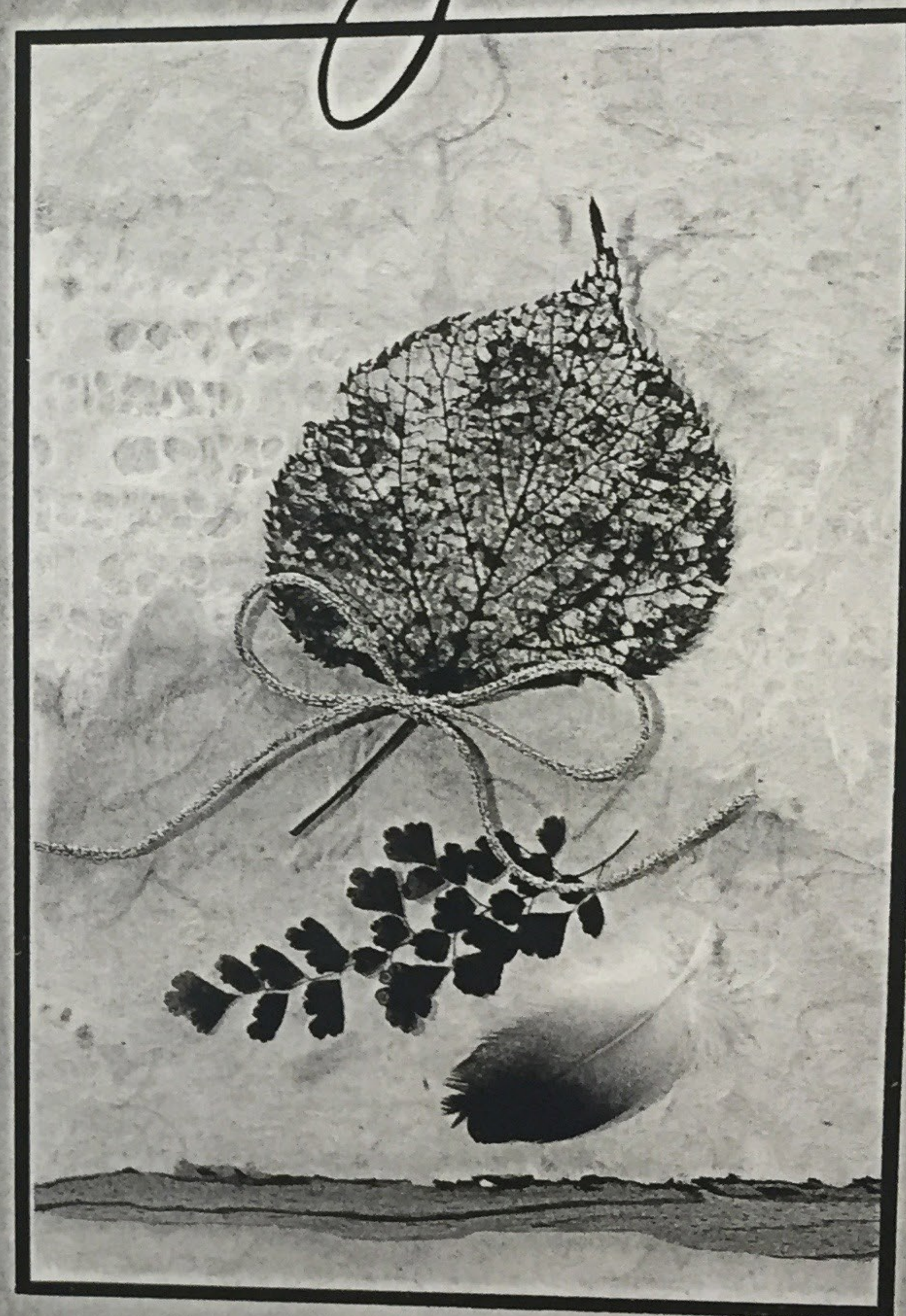
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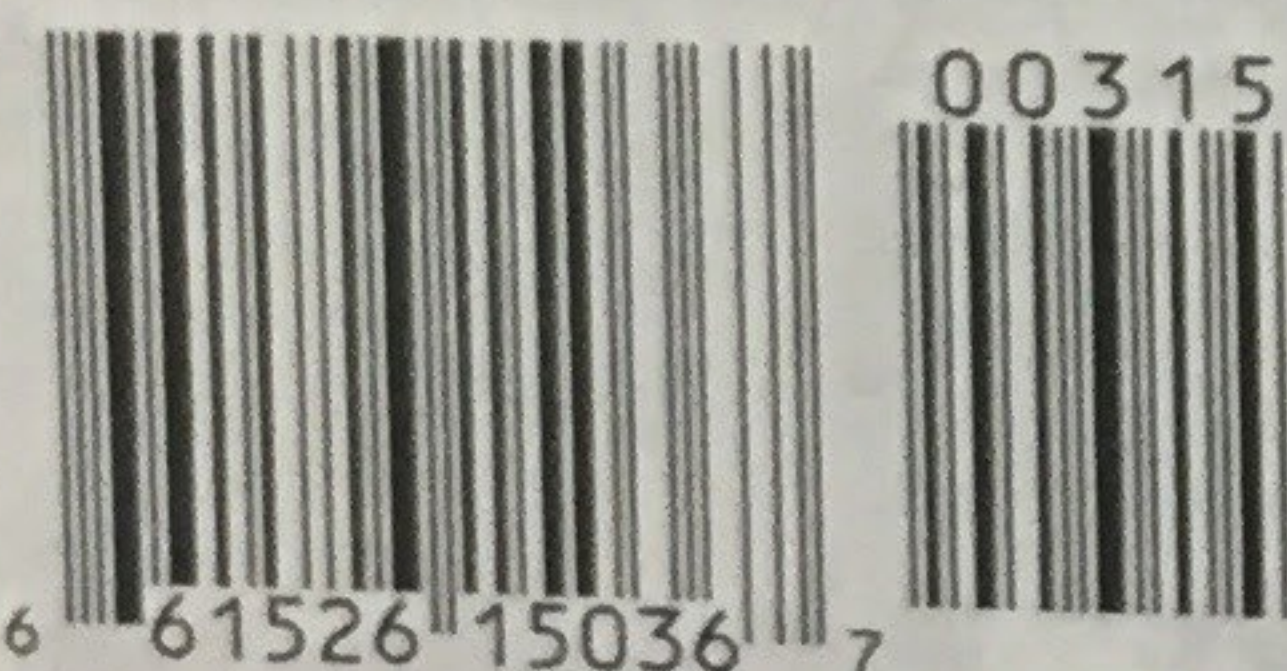
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04/07/0
Dear Ted,

I hope all is well with you. I've haven't talked to Joy in a few weeks, but mom says she's been in some discomfort.

She strikes me in every way as such a bright, intelligent human being. My thoughts and (Buddhist) prayers are with you both. She is a gift to you, and has shown much kindness to mom. Thank you for bringing her into our lives.

Little news here. Mom has devolved to a wheelchair. But her spirits are fairly good.

Best wishes always, Dave

Dear Ted,

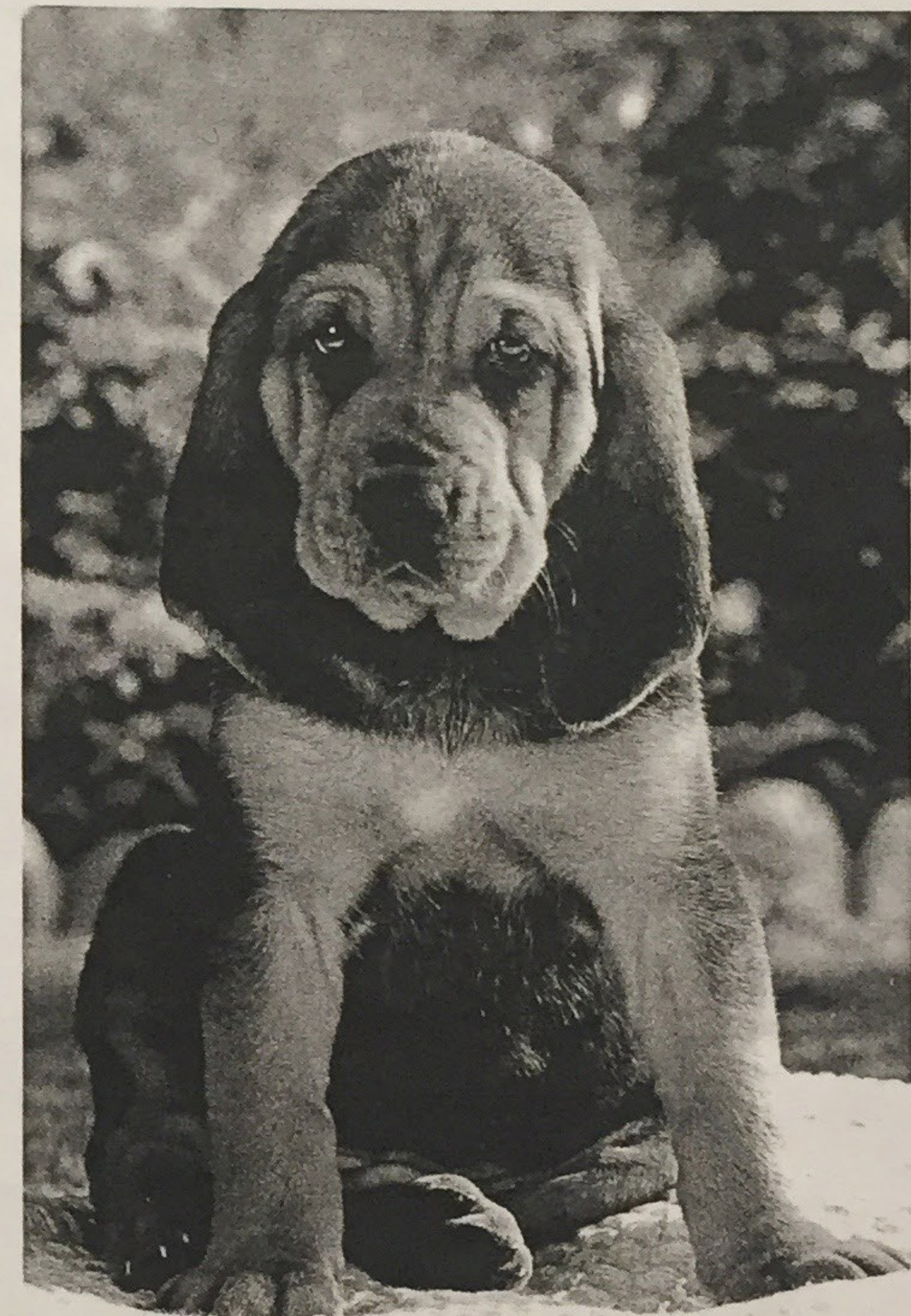
Thinking of you warmly,
wishing you the best,
And hoping that this birthday
is among your happiest!



Belated wishes, again.

Love, David

Brother

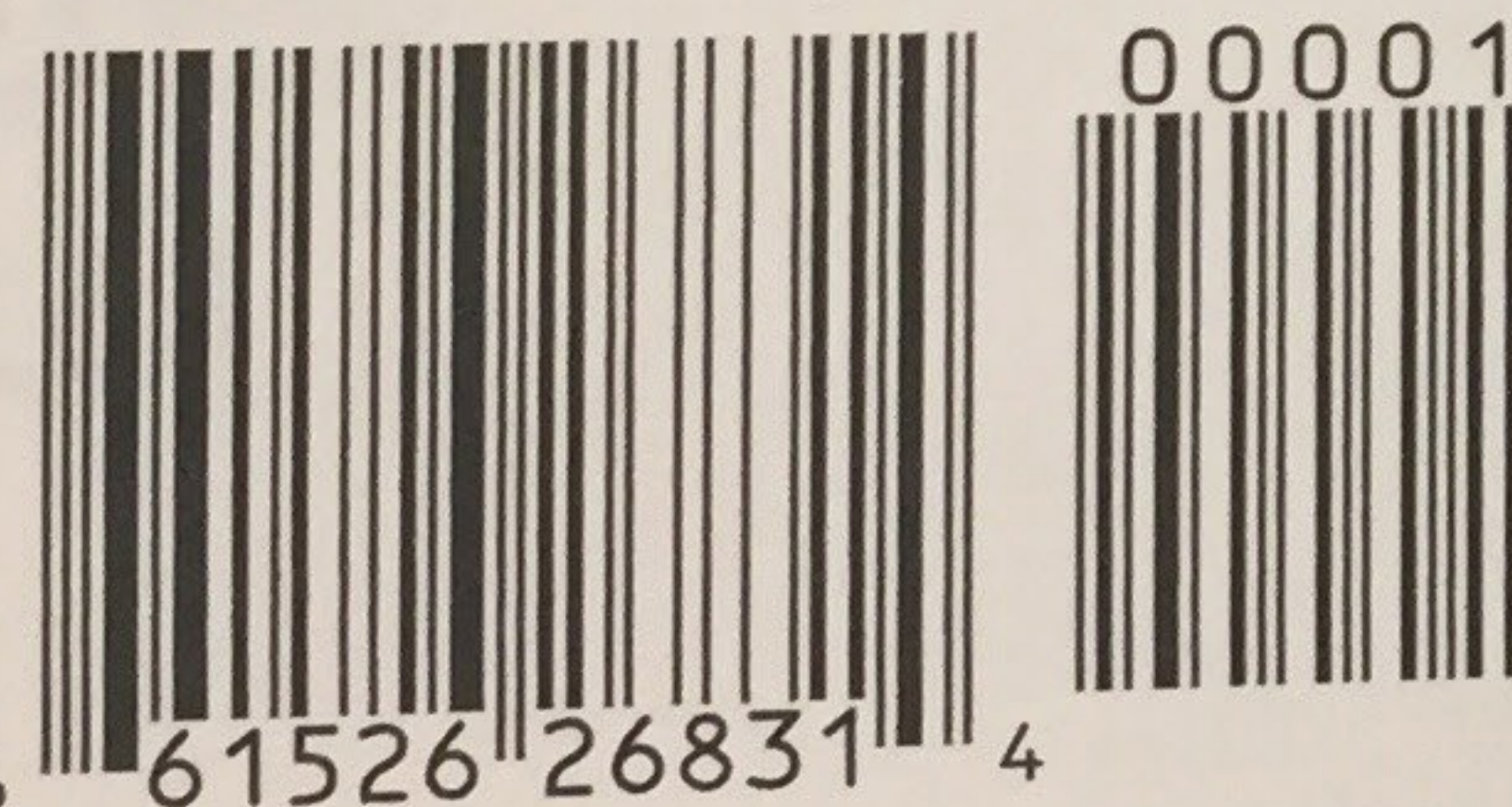


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0407.0

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with letter
dated 5/21/05

...just like you!

Happy
Birthday

Love,

Dave
Kaczynski

①

Postmark
0407.0 5/23/05

May 21, 2005

Dear Ted,

I've been out of contact a long time. In some ways it hasn't seemed so - for instance, I think of you often. In other ways, I've been feeling an even greater distance. Your birthday comes and I think of you more. That long ago trip together to Canada. I just never realized how fragile everything was. I still don't understand your will to sever the past. You must somehow feel that you understand it.

The bright news is that Mom seems reborn since her hip-replacement and heart pacemaker late last summer. She is without pain, and mobile to the

0407.0

(3)

extent that she gave up her wheelchair and even uses her cane in favor of the walker for short trips. She has much more energy and I no longer hear her complain about living so much longer.

On a sad note, _____, youngest child, _____, is having serious health problems. There has been some bleeding inside her brain. We have paid for some of her medical care, but it is not possible to keep paying and paying.

Only the very wealthy can afford to pay the bill for any serious health problem anymore. My is only twenty-three with two children.

Our _____ died on May 6. I spoke with both _____ and _____ I was

0407.0

Dave Kaczynski

③

5/21/05

postmark 5/23/05

especially concerned about _____,
since caring for _____ needs
has been much of her life
for thirty years. But _____
sounded O.K. She spent a
long time talking about _____
and me as toddlers and
playmates. These were happy
memories for her. She also
said that _____'s nephew
had become great friends with
_____ in recent years and
that the two would spend
hours talking on and on about
birds - their common interest.
It cheered me up greatly to
hear this.

_____ has been cremated
and the family held an outdoor
memorial service at the
confluence of some giant springs

in the river that flows
through Gainesville, FL.
said that death
was painless, with
and husband
at her bedside. She
said that Nora seemed ready
to go after struggling with
her health over the past year,
most of the time unable to
swallow solid food.

I wish you peace and
contentment. The "out here"
world seems replete with base,
strife, and confusion. I
hope your world is less so.

Your brother,
Dave

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0407.0

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David R Kaczynski
P.O. Box 964
Schenectady, NY 12301
United States

Needless to say, this
book went straight
into the trash.

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Florence, CO 81226-8500
United States

DO1-101-

- TJK 6/3/05

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Subtotal
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Balance due

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Dear Ted,

0407.0

I hope this finds you well.

Mom is surprisingly well. So am

I. Not much is really new. I switched from baseball to softball last summer and pretty much tore up the league as one of the youngest players in a 55+ league.

Mom has acquired many friends in her old, old age - which is kind of surprising to me.

Most of the family friends came through Dad when he was alive.

Mom has become a bit of a

surrogate mother to a divorced mother of two named Mary. Mary is a social worker who helps the aged, but in this relationship the roles appear to be reversed. Linda's good friend and retired colleague Sigrid also frequently visits Mom and appears to adore her. Mom gets blue sometime, but in general she keeps a healthy outlook and treats everyone with kindness and compassion. The other folks in her senior building are all crazy about her.

I'm sure that you must have

heard that our cousin Nora died.
Apparently in her last years she
developed a great friendship with
her nephew Tyler who visited her
weekly. I was very glad to
hear that, because Tyler's ~~new~~
bond memories of Nora
constitute a sort of legacy.

I've spoken to Freda and she
seems O.K. We're a tough lot,
I guess. Merry Christmas!

Love, Dave



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Florence, CO 81226-8500
United States

0407

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Schenectady, NY 12301
United States



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		Subtotal	\$10.40
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1 Who Ordered This Truckload of Dung? : Inspiring Stories for Welcoming Life's Difficulties

Brahm, Ajahn --- Paperback

(** P-2-A51C914 **; T-3-901) 0861712781

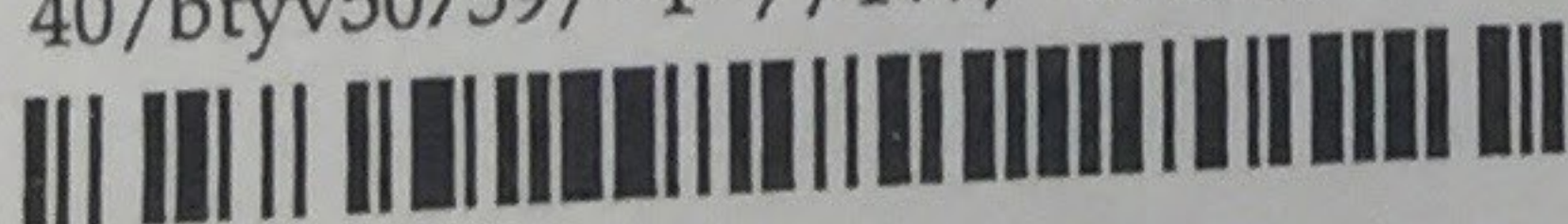
*Dear Son, I hope you enjoy this book. Perhaps it will bring you a smile or two, and bring back memories of Christmas' past.
I send you all my love. Mother*

0407.

This completes your gift order.

Needless to say, this went
straight into the trash, like all
books sent by my brother.
- TJK 12/20/05

40/btyv50759/-1-//1W/-WRAPS99-std-us/2652680/1212-15:00/1211-10:01/colonl Pack Type: BM3 (12X9X4)



0407.0

March 31, 2007

Dear Ted,

I'm sorry to tell you this, but our mother is having a serious health crisis. Two days ago, she was admitted to the hospital to treat pains in her leg that have grown more severe since they first appeared about three weeks ago.

The doctors are still diagnosing the cause of the leg pain as a severe muscle strain. But she is also weak and at times confused. She has underlying leukemia of a non-acute type, arthritis in her lower back, and low sodium and potassium levels in her blood. The expectation is that she will transfer to a nursing home within a few days. Once the pain in her leg diminishes, they will attempt to get her walking again through physical therapy.

Frankly, I'm not hopeful that she will be able to live independently again, although I am attempting to set up a program of home-based nursing and aides so that she can at least return to her apartment. Mom remains quite rational for the most part, but she has displayed some brief but intense emotional upset (even to the point of saying that she might kill herself) and some memory lapses like I have never seen before.

Of course, the stress of her situation as, well as side-effects of the pain medication might produce short-term symptoms. My honest hunch, though, is that there has been some permanent deterioration, both physical and mental.

at her best - which is most of the time - Mom is, well, angelic. She has a way of being kind to people and affirming them that wasn't so evident when we were young; just a straightforward way of reaching out to others with human warmth. Sorrow turns some old people bitter, but it has made Mom more sympathetic to others' pain. Ever since Dad died, she's been making friends with all kinds of people. She has a friend she met through my wife who just adores^{her}; and another she met through me, who also adores her. Mom says they're "just being kind," but I know that they love and admire her.

It's hard for me to see her in pain, and even harder to see her despondent at times. She likes to plan ahead, so uncertainty is very upsetting to her. She hates to spend down her savings, and so is prone to feeling insecure - worries that the hospitals and doctors will suck up her nest egg. She suffers tension between not wanting to impose on me, and a primordial fear that everyone

(including me) will abandon her in her time of greatest need and vulnerability. I wish I could reassure her to the core - but that may not be possible. I suspect that fear was planted in her when she was very young.

Life is a process, and people are pretty mysterious. We form concepts and judgements about others, but they're just theories. I suppose it's almost fair to say that some things about us never change - like Mom with her deep sense of insecurity - but otherwise we can't say how and where the branches will grow, what the mature tree will look like, or even what taste the fruit will have. I've learned a lot from Mom, even in these later years. I do hope that you will not keep your heart closed to her. We have all done hurtful things in life. I, for one, couldn't live with myself if I couldn't forgive. What we need from others, we must give to others.

Mom has never stopped loving you for a moment. You are her son - there is so much of her in both of us. She can't and won't ever push either one of us out of her heart. She never complains about you, speaking only with kindness, compassion, and hope that you are not unhappy. In case you don't know, I mean

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to tell you very clearly that it would mean the world to Mom if you would tell her that you know she loves you. Just that would mean so much to her!

Wanda Kaczynski

107 Nott Terrace #812

Schenectady, NY 12305

Perhaps the current crisis will pass, in which case she may live another five years. But my gut feeling is that this is the beginning of the end, the start of a slow or quick irrevocable decline.

In other family news, our "lost" cousin began calling Mom almost every week a few months ago. He seemed to be a lovely old guy who really enjoyed chatting with Mom. When I called ~~him~~ his home in Boise two weeks ago to tell him about Mom's health problems, I was told by his brother, that he had died suddenly of a heart attack at age 69.

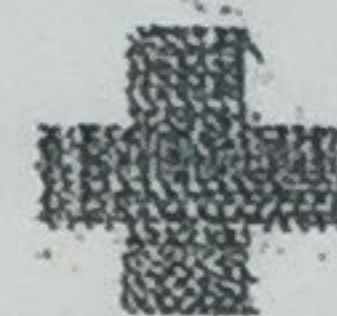
On Wednesday (when Mom was admitted to the hospital) youngest son drove up from Brooklyn to see Mom. He's 28 now - working on a camera crew for independent films, waiting tables, sort of hanging out in the NYC arts scene waiting for his "big break." Nice kid, sort of a laid-back dreamer; open, friendly spirit; a bit of a hippie in working-class dress. It's interesting to see ^{how} our genes run.

Take good care, Brother. Love, Dave

D. Kaczynski
P.O. Box 964
Schenectady, NY
12301

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Ted Kaczynski

GRG # 04475-046

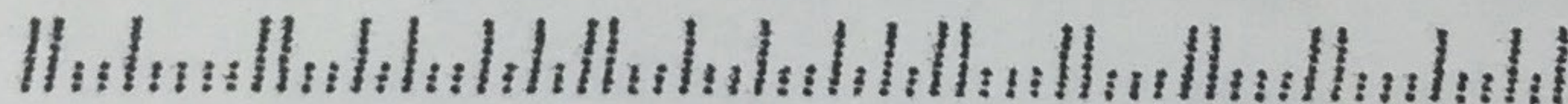
P.O. Box 8500

Florence, CO

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12/07/08

Dear Ted,

I hope this note finds you as well as can be.

Mom has had a tough year and seemed close to death in early July after falling a number of times.

She actually seems stronger now, happier and clearer of mind. She has a resilience that I find remarkable.

Sometime in July, the doctor began prescribing her morphine for chronic pain in her legs that seems to be caused by a spinal disk

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impinging on her spinal cord. Although she seems to have adjusted to the medicine, at first she seemed to experience some cognitive distortions, including minor hallucinations.

One day, I went to visit and found her in bed where she was spending most of her time. After chatting with her for awhile, I offered to make her a cup of coffee, which she often uses to perk herself up. So I went to the kitchen to make the coffee, when I heard her call out, "Oh, by the way, is Dave coming today?"

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Puzzled, I walked back into her bedroom so that she could see me clearly. "Who?" I said.

Looking directly at me, she said, "Dave!"

I took a step closer and said, "And who am I?"

"You're Ted!" she said.

"No, I'm Dave."

Suddenly she saw her mistake. Slapping her forehead, she said, "Oh, what's the matter with me? I'm going crazy!"

"It's OK, Mom," I said.

"Don't worry, I'm a fan of yours, too."

All pretty strange. But I

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Think it shows that you're always in her mind and heart.

We've hired nurses and aides who check on her every two hours around the clock. She's never left alone for too long, and it's been awhile since I've noticed any mental lapses.

The other news of interest is that I was contacted by Linda Erickson's younger son, Heath (the male twin, if you remember). I ~~had~~ hadn't had any contact with the family in over 30 years, so this was quite a surprise. We ended up meeting in Maryland where I'd gone to visit with

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Joel. He said his mother died three years ago of complications of diabetes. Anyway, we got to talking about our memories of each other, and it turned out that he had a memory of you connected with some home-made toys that you had made for all the children. His brother Scott still has a little mobile contraption you made for him that runs on rubber band power. Anyway, it remains a very fond memory for all three siblings - Heath, Heather and Scott. Thought I'd let you know.

Love, Dave

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Dear Ted,

Wishing you the best and brightest
of this Holiday Season

Love,

Dave

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1850 Mercer Rd.
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As always with
books sent by my
brother, this one
went straight
into the trash.
-TJK

Theodore Kaczynski
CRG #04475-046
P.O. Box 8500
Florence, CO 81226-8500
United States

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David Kaczynski
P.O. Box 964
Schenectady, New York 12301
United States



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Theodore Kaczynski
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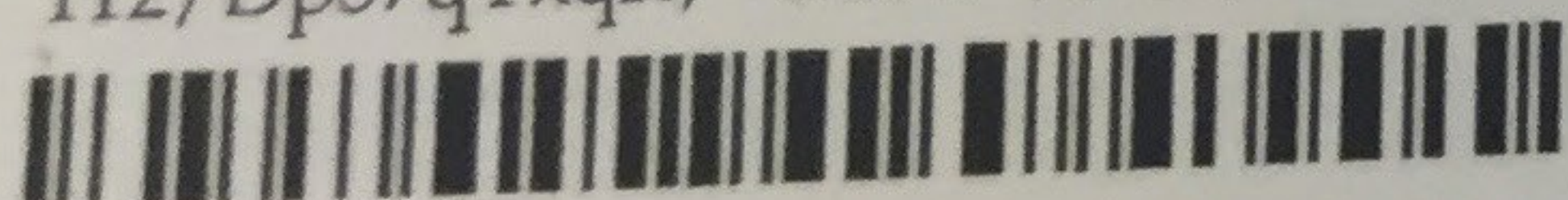
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1	The Ancestor's Tale: A Pilgrimage to the Dawn of Evolution Dawkins, Richard --- Paperback (** P-3-C42A168 **) 061861916X 061861916X	\$11.02	\$11.02

Subtotal	\$11.02
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12/20/2010

Dear Brother,

I hope this note finds you well. Little has changed here since the last time I wrote.

Mom is surprisingly strong, still living on her own about a mile away from us. The one marked change is her diminished hearing, making communication with her a somewhat laborious process. Her mood is basically good, despite her many losses. She speaks of you often. My friend Joel is basically disabled after letting his diabetes get out of control.

I visited him in D.C. last weekend, where he's landed in a very nice assisted living place run by Jewish family services. We spoke of his visit to Montana in the early 1970's, when the three of us hiked up to that beautiful little lake in the mountains. For a moment, it didn't seem like such a long time ago. I also met his brother, whom I'd not seen in 40 years. He was just a baby when Joel was attacked by their mother, who passed away February. At the funeral, Joel spoke the eulogy. Life is certainly strange for us all. I miss you very much. Best wishes for 2011.

Love,
Dave

In Memoriam

Dec. 24, 2011

"Memories, memories, memories"
she intoned while dying.

Her vision of memories
Biding now is mine.

Three years since her last fall:
she lived without mistake,
a tiny figure hunched above
her walker, unconquerable
in her delight of company,
ideas, empathy, friendships -
longing to be a gracious host
until it nearly hurt you.

"Beautiful, golden light," she told me.
To her, it was like a room opening.

Dear Ted

Season's Greetings

Love,

David

To me, like a block of stars
rising from her bosom.